THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1854. WHOLE NO. 1700.

Choice Poetry.

A LYRIC.

[By Gerald Griffin, more famous as the author of "The Collegians," and other popular novels; an Irishman of extraordinary genius. His poetry is scarcely known to English readers, but much of it has great merit.]

Gilli ma chree,
Sit down by me,
We now are join'd and ne'er shall sever,
This hearth's our own,
Our hearts are one,
And peace is ours forever.
When I was poor
Your father's door
Was closed against your constant lover;
With care and pain
I tried in vain
My fortunes to recover;
I said, to other lands I'll roam
Where fate may smile on me, love!
I said, farewell, my own old home!
And I said farewell to thee, love!
Sing Gilli ma chree, &c.

I might have said:
My mountain maid,
Come live with me, your own true lover;
I know a spot,
A silent cot,
Your friends can ne'er discover,
Where gently flows the waveless tide
By one small garden only,
Where the heron waves his wings so wide,
And the linnet sings so lonely.
Sing Gilli ma chree, &c.

I might have said:—
My mountain maid,
A father's right was never given
True hearts to curse,
With tyrant force,
That have been blessed in Heaven!
But then I said, in after years,
When thoughts of home shall find her,
My love may mourn with secret tears
Her friends thus left behind her.
Sing Gilli ma chree, &c.

Oh, no! I said:—
My own dear maid,
For me, though all forlorn forever,
That heart of thine
Shall ne'er repine
O'er slighted duty never!
From home and thee though wandering far,
A dreary fate be mine, love,
I'd rather live in endless war
Than buy my peace with thine, love!
Sing Gilli ma chree, &c.

Far, far away,
By night and day,
I toil'd to win a golden treasure,
And golden gains
Repaid my pains
In fair and shining measure.
I sought again my native land
Thy father welcomed me, love,
I pour'd my gold into his hand,
And guerdon found in thee, love!
Sing Gilli ma chree,
Sit down by me,
We now are join'd and ne'er shall sever;
This hearth's our own,
Our hearts are one,
And peace is ours forever.

Original Novelet.

THE BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMERSON BENNETT,
Author of "Viola," "Clara Moreland," "Forged Will," "Prairie Flower," "Kate Clarendon," "Traitor," etc., etc., etc., etc.

Our Picture Gallery.

THE SULTAN.—SKETCHED IN THE ENVIRONS OF PERA.

The above engraving, says an English traveller, "represents a domestic incident in the life of the Sultan—one of almost daily occurrence—yet curious in itself, and interesting to me, as it afforded me the opportunity of having a nearer view of his Majesty than any I had heretofore enjoyed. I was walking with a friend one fine afternoon in the neighborhood of Eyoub, near the Sweet Waters of Europe, when we saw approaching rather an unusual spectacle in this part of the world—a low chaise, of true Long-acre build, drawn by two horses, driven at a smart pace; which, on nearer approach, we discovered to contain the Sultan, who handled the reins in a very workmanlike manner. Two attendants ran, one on each side of the carriage; and behind, was an escort of soldiers, all dressed in the usual way, viz., frock-coats and the red cap. On arriving opposite the outer gate of a small kiosk, the carriage stopped, and the Sultan alighted, and entered. A glimpse at the interior showed that the splendidly-furnished *salon* of the kiosk was already brilliantly lighted up. The pipe-bearers of his Imperial Majesty had preceded the cortège; and I was told afterwards that it is the habit of the Sultan to go every day to one or the other of his numerous kiosks—which generally command fine views of the Bosphorus—for the purpose of smoking, and whiling away a few hours in the *dolce far niente*. Poor man! his step, as he moved from the carriage to his little splendid solitude, was slow and languid, and his aspect grave and melancholy; for his spirit was oppressed with many misgivings, and he felt that there were foes to his peace lurking in more quarters than one. He was dressed in a dark green loose frock coat (green, you know, is the color of the Prophet), and not unlike in cut that of a Catholic priest; and he carried his sword in his hand. When he approached, and we had recognised his exalted rank, my friend and I alighted from our horses, and as he passed we uncovered—a mark of respect which his Majesty acknowledged by a low bow. This is a compliment which the Padischa pays only to Europeans; the utmost his own subjects expect or get in return for the most abject obeisance, being a look. The sentries on both sides of the gate saluted their Imperial master in the fashion peculiar to the Ottoman troops—the firelock presented, but held only in the left hand, and the right hand raised to the head. When the Sultan had entered the kiosk, the two attendants began covering the horses with cloths—for horses are valued and prized here.

Original Sketches.

FRAGMENTS OF '76.

TRANSCRIBED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, FROM THE PERSONAL NARRATIVES OF [illegible]

NUMBER IX.

Privateering—A Prison Ship.

In the days of my early boyhood, I made the acquaintance of one, who had shared largely in the struggles and dangers of the revolutionary war, both by sea and land. A recital of his adventures, when I could prevail on him to discourse on the subject, afforded me the highest gratification. His power of description was well developed; and from the general character of the man, I had every reason to place implicit confidence in the truth of his narratives. At this period of my life I was ignorant of all kinds of fiction; indeed, unconscious of the existence of works of the imagination, except perhaps the history of Robinson Crusoe, and I may possibly have heard of the Vicar of Wakefield. In those day the literature of our agricultural districts was confined within very narrow limits.

It may, therefore, readily be imagined, that [illegible]

pened the men who had engaged to favor our design to pandemonium. They no doubt had to succumb, and, I suppose, if not subjected to other penalties,

After this we were separated from the men, and, with a strong guard, marched off to the jail. Here we were locked up in a large room, with a fire-place in it, and a window looking out upon the front yard, and had to sit or lie down on the floor. Our guard was relieved every two hours, and the new one would come with the regular knocking of the officer, to relieve high in rank and talkative. Some of them would converse with us, and tell us the news of our various personal friends. The principal subject of conversation was where we were stationed. They never ceased from the friendly inquiry that they entertained in coming our rooms to be paid, the fate of the prisoners who were confined in the Libby.

We were ordered to fling me at the blessed tip of Heaven and our own limbs, after six months of silence and solitude. Colonel Corcoran had been let in for dinner. Our beards and hair had grown to a great length. Our whole appearance was so altered that we had not suddenly encounter ourselves before our most intimate friends, they would have known us. Finding the whole line of officers assembled to meet the long lost, the cause of indignation, refused to furnish the cause of rejoicing, and gazed upon us in our country. His dismay and mystery proved equally powerful. We unanimously delighted to be considered "Yankees."

Our tenderness towards us never was again to be intimated to us, and every one treated us with the utmost politeness and consideration.

Our destination was at Richmond, Virginia, and in the "conservative" writers, would have imagined with me, as they have with me, that, though, truth to tell, I knew not why all silence, none should be made for the publication of Cromwell's enemies, and none for those of his friends. George Godfrey Cunningham, in his "History of England in the Time of England," says, "after speaking of the publication of the Cromwell's enemies, of the Cromwell's friends, of which was to prompt to tyrannicide, says: "After these alarms, the Protector will please give his name of the Public Good," etc.

Knightley says: "To secure himself against the secret attempts of his enemies, he adopted various precautions. He drove at full speed, he could filled with attendants and surrounded by guards, and he always returned by a different way from that which he had originally taken. He permanently inspected the night-watch of the palace."

Sir James Mackintosh quotes passages like the above, discrediting, but not disproving them, by saying that they are "they read like fiction," and remarking that they are not mentioned by Thurloe. But he admits the fact of the Lord Protector's going secretly sometimes, proved by the accidental discharge of a pistol, when he was thrown from his carriage in Hyde Park, some two or three years before his death. Even Carlyle admits the fact of his wearing armor, if not secret, for defence against treachery. I could quote passages from several other histories, confirming the fact of his secret precautions, but perhaps the best proof of its truth is presumptive evidence, afforded by the character of the man, and the circumstances under which he sounded him in his last days. I yield to none in hearty admiration of the character of Cromwell, for all the grand and heroic qualities of Crom-well; but to me, there were not alone faults nor, but imperfections, in gilding or mounting over that stern and craggy character by a poetic or romantic halo. Let it stand in bare outline, bold rock, thrown upward by the convulsions of the times, for the dissolved vessel of integrity to dash its wreck itself against. But upon Cromwell's single life, as having been performed the drum of all integrity, and pronounced with the destinies of whole races. His daily blows for freedom resounded through the world, and shook the thrones of its most ancient and powerful despotisms with strange, prophetic shocks. I am almost inclined to believe, with the Puritans, that, at the first, God's Spirit was on the rose, inspiring his bold work, and directly influencing his acts; and it is most reluctantly I believe that, at the last, he was left to himself to err, and fall, and, if not wholly recreant to the high purposes, to be so far recalled, guilty of making it more and more subservient to his arrogant and insatiable ambition. I believe that, finally, he lost the inspiration of a large portion of the great and noble feelings of Providence, until the fiery fascination which, like a sword of flame, had once cleft a path of deliverance for freedom and the people, was only employed in defending him against the attacks of his own conscience.

Walter Savage Landor, whose sturdy republicanism no one can doubt, says: "It is, Cromwell, then, sincere and pure? Certainly not; but he began in sincerity; and he believed to the last that every occasion of power was an especial manifestation of God's mercy. Fanaticism, and fanaticism alone, can make a man believe this. Fanaticism alone, can make a man believe this. Power made him less pious, but more confident. God had taken him by the hand at first, and had now let him walk by himself. To show how *he* could work, by *him*. Religion, in the sense of humility, is more arbitrary, more intolerant and more cruel than monarchy; and the sordid arrogance of Presbyterianism succeeded to the splendid tyranny of Episcopacy."

I do not wholly endorse Mr. Landor's terrible concluding sentence—that Cromwell made Christ's earlier services to his country, he lived a hypocrite and died a tyrant." I think it a manifestation fact, that, in his last days, he was a miserable and remorseful man. I do not accept him in fiction sufficiently to be more than flood upon his skirts, or reeking from his hands, or that the accusing fiend came up against him—that even the beautiful and melancholy face of the first Charles rose before him, in lonely night watches. But I think we can only better guilt-stains more appalling to his night than human blood, and that he was pursued and haunted by a presence more terrible than any spectral visions, the memory of high and holy things, which he had once loved and cherished, and the sudden promises and principles barely falsified. But it was that peopled the solitude of his chamber with the ghosts of lost opportunities for good, and made the hushed air of midnight murmur with reproaches, and the gloom of his lonely vigils. This frowned on him in the darkened form of his old friends—subdued him from the mournful eyes of the saintly Vane, and sighed through the dying lips of his best beloved daughter.

The danger of assassination was not imaginary, but real. Cromwell was encompassed with secret enemies—dangers—treachery—death—and it is the impeachment of his courage to say, that he was prepared for them, precisely caution, and watchful against it. Others have defended him on the extraordinary precautions he took—on the ground that his life-was infinitely valuable not his country, in the great of his national liberty—but I say, emphatically for himself, also, he dreaded death. Having put out of God's hands, he shrank from entering the valley of shadows himself, and walked it not grave alone. But we are left to trust that Landor's merciful acceptance of Cromwell in that valley before him, as he advanced. Another has interposed, no longer to mediate, but wards spoke; it not the joy of perfect, unfearing love, but the humility and trembling hope of Christian resignation.

Had my essay been intended for newspaper comment, I might not have thus noticed any charge made against it. But intending to republish it, with other articles, in a more permanent form, I desire if I have made a mistake, and a misstatement, to be set right now. For myself, I have no interest in the matter but that of gratefully; though I must acknowledge a preference that to be made *courteously*, if it is all the same to my critics. As ever, truly yours,

GRACE GREENWOOD.

—Home Journal.

☞ A minister, while preparing his next sermon, was interrupted by a servant who came to ask how he had written, and, as a matter of course, to order some portions which on examination, seemed to him unnecessarily extravagant. While doing so, he was accosted by his little son, who asked about the meaning of eggs. "Father, does God tell you what to preach?" "Certainly, my child." "Then what makes you scratch it out?"

☞ The New Bedford Standard says there is a man in Rochester who sells flour at $10 a barrel. Another man in Rochester sells flour for a hundred dollars a barrel. Both of these men are bankrupt. The first because he is not enough to sell it, and the second because he will not sell enough to be a merchant. The memory of such a man ought to be embalmed in the hearts of the poor.

☞ The Washington correspondent of the New York Times suggests that Mr. Gadsden's new territory, to which the forcible name of Arizonia has been given, be called Fagedaia, as it is apparently the fag end of creation.

☞ "Sister," cautiously inquires Jemima, pushed bloc of beautiful flowers, that have been wither-ed and dried between sheets of blotting paper —French.

Miscellaneous.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

A friend has called my attention to the following editorial paragraph in *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, of the 19th inst.:

"Gerrit Smith[sic], in his contribution to the (Orrel Cromwell's Head,' revives an exploded opinion in his letter reads, which Cromwell, after his death, was not buried in Westminster Abbey.

I will not dwell upon the unmerited charge of hypocrisy and misstatement is made, but proceed to consider the charge itself.

Mr. Smith says: "The Protector's head, after the Restoration, was stuck upon a pole on the top of the Hall of Oriel Coll[illegible]." I find no allusion to this head myself or by others, especially upon which I do not remember to have seen it mentioned. I have, however, in running over many of the Cromwell's enemies, found some of these left-handed compliments to Cromwell—neither do I most assuredly.

Since your charge of "reviving exploded nonsense" has resulted me, I have consulted such authorities as I have access to, but I have not yet come upon the exploded. Will you be so kind as to tell me where it took place?

I suppose that Hume, Clarendon, and such like conservative writers, would have indulged with pleasure, as they have with delight, in the story—and, no doubt, would have done so, if they had known of it. But I am not aware that they have ever referred to it. Carlyle, the latest Cromwellian writer, would have mentioned it, I think, if he had met with it. Forster is very strong and explicit on the point of the Lord Protector's dread of assassination in his last days—quotes Lingard, and supposes no doubt of the truth of his statement, yet does not allude to this head on the outer pinnacle of Westminster—Cromwell's head

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1854.

Congressional News

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS.
FIRST SESSION.

SENATE.

On the 13th, the Secretary read a letter from Mr. Atchison, requesting Mr. Bright to preside. Consent being given, Mr. Bright presided.

Mr. Everett presented the petition of fourteen hundred citizens of Worcester county, Massachusetts, against the passage of the Nebraska Bill.—Amongst the signers are the present Governor of that State, Ex-Senator John Davis, Levi Lincoln, and others, representing every party and every section of parties in the State. He thought the petition truly represented the unanimous sentiment of the people of that section of country. He also presented the petition of the Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends, of Massachusetts, against the extension of the area of slavery.

Petitions to the same purport were presented from Pennsylvania, Delaware, Vermont, Massachusetts, Indiana, and Ohio.

Mr. Benjamin presented the memorial of citizens of Indiana, asking Congress for leave to institute suit against the United States, to test the liability of the United States for the debts of Texas.

Mr. Dodge offered a resolution directing inquiry as to increasing the allowance of officers employed in the war with Mexico. Adopted.

Messrs. Fitzpatrick and Clay introduced bills granting land to Alabama for railroads.

The Nebraska Bill was then taken up.

Mr. Weller said that if any person expected that he would have anything to say in reply to the very extraordinary speech delivered on Thursday and Friday last, that expectation would not be realized. The personal relations existing between him and that Senator, forbid any controversy between them in the Senate. He intended only to explain why he should give this bill his support. The recent birth of a State on the Pacific, and the great and rapidly increasing importance of the interests of the nation on the Pacific rendered overland communication ab- [illegible]

[illegible]

Mr. Stuart said that the Senator from Texas could not get through to day, and as he was unwell, he moved the subject be postponed. Agreed to.

On the 15th, the French Spoliation Bill was passed—yeas 27, nays 15.

Mr. Toombs offered a resolution, which was adopted, directing inquiry whether any legislation is necessary for the protection of Ministerial Officers of the Courts of the United States, and report by bill or otherwise.

The Nebraska Bill was then taken up.

Mr. Houston said, that though yet unwell, he would close his remarks to-day, if able to keep his feet. While he would do this, he saw no necessity requiring the hasty passage of this bill. He, yesterday, had pointed out the rights of the Indians in these Territories, and he still thought that the boundaries of Kansas might be so run as to allow the Indian possessions to remain undisturbed. The Indians had never yet violated a treaty. Would the United States be less faithful to its obligations? He was opposed to this policy of removing the Indians. He would have them settle down, and cultivate the arts of civilization. [illegible]

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, FEB. 18.

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

[illegible]

THE PEOPLE'S PATENT OFFICE.

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DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS,

MORE HOME TESTIMONY.

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

A CHURCH IN THE AIR.

Original Sketches.

SKETCHES BY FANNY FERN.

THE LIGHTS OF THE NIGHT.

Wit and Humor.

ANECDOTES OF CHILDREN.

Winter Scenes.

MAKING THE BEST OF A BAD JOB.

Ah! you may laugh, my boy, but there is nothing like a cold bath to make you strong and hearty.

Selected Articles.

BY-WAYS OF HISTORY.

INTEMPERANCE.

Both the Anglo-Saxons and the Anglo-Danes were very intemperate in their habits. Their laws did not prohibit excess, but rather encouraged it, and only attempted to restrain the commission of certain abominable crimes, which were but too often the result of their immoderate drinking. On this subject William of Malmesbury says:—"The nobility were much addicted to lust and gluttony; but excessive drinking was the common vice of all ranks of people, in which they spent whole nights and days without intermission." Many instances are recorded of murder being committed during their feasts. Edmund I., surnamed the Magnificent, perished at one of them. On the festival of St. Augustine, as he was carousing with his nobles and officers, his eye fell upon a banished robber, named Leof, who had had the temerity to mingle with the company. The dapifer (royal cup-bearer) ordered him to withdraw. The robber refused. Incensed at his insolence, and heated with wine, King Edmund started from his seat, and seizing him by his long hair, tried to throw him to the ground. Leof, finding he was getting the worst of the battle, drew a dagger, which he had hitherto kept concealed under his cloak, and stabbed his opponent in a vital part. Whilst the tragedy was performing, the courtiers were unable, through intoxication, to render assistance to their royal master; but after the robber had given the death-blow, they rushed upon him and cut him in pieces.

The last Danish King in England died drunk. It fell out in this wise. When Hardicanute had reigned two years all but ten days, he took part, with his usual zest, in the marriage-feast of one of his thanes, which was held at Clapham. At a late hour of the night, as he stood up to pledge that jovial company, he suddenly fell down speechless, with the wine-cup in his hand; he was removed to an inner chamber, but he never spoke more.

The Conquest of England by the Normans is supposed by some to have been as much owing to the effects of intemperance, on the part of the English, as of prowess on the part of the Normans. The eve of the Battle of Hastings was spent by the invaders in fasting and prayer; but the English devoted the same period to drunkenness and debauch. They sang their old national songs, and emptied their horn cups, which were well filled with beer and wine. "The English," says Fuller, "being revelling before, had in the morning their brains arrested for the arrearages of the undigested fumes of the former night, and were no better than drunk when they came to fight."

The Norman conquerors were, it would appear, of comparatively sober and temperate habits, until vitiated by their intercourse with the less sober English. But that a change for the worse did take place, is shown by Peter of Blois in one of his letters. "When you behold," says he, "our barons and knights going upon a military expedition, you see their baggage-horses loaded, not with iron, but wine; not with lances, but cheeses; not with swords, but bottles; not with spears, but spits. You would imagine they were going to prepare a great feast, rather than to make war." The same authority also states, that "there are even too many who boast of their excessive drunkenness and gluttony, and labor to acquire notoriety by swallowing great quantities of meat and drink."

On the morning of the 2nd of August 1100, a large and gay party of nobles and princes attended on William Rufus at his hunting-seat, Malwood Castle, embosomed among the trees of the New Forest, in Hampshire, for the purpose of following their favorite sport.

"The Red King lies in Malwood Keep,
To drive the deer o'er lawn and steep,
He's bound him with the morn.
His steeds are swift, his hounds are good;
The like, in covert, or high wood,
Were never cheer'd with horn."

Before setting out, the tables were spread with an abundant collation, and the red King and his courtiers ate and drank to excess. Every one knows the result of the hunt,—the death of the King in a mysterious manner. The most charitable, and, at the same time, really the most probable supposition, is that the whole hunting-party were mad with the wine they had imbibed ere setting forth; and that, in the excitement of the chase, and in the confusion consequent thereon, the King was wounded to the death by a random arrow.

Henry I., at the height of his prosperity, received, from an act of intemperance, a shock which ever afterwards rendered him miserable. This was the death of his only son—a prince on whom all his affections were placed, and who, he expected, was to succeed him on the throne. The marriage of Prince William to a young princess of France, and the possessions he obtained from the father of the bride, Fulke, Earl of Anjou, had afforded to King Henry prospects of great wealth and honor. The prince embarked, on the 25th of November, 1120, in a vessel with fifty skillful mariners, from Harfleur, on the coast of Normandy. Unfortunately, the sailors solicited the prince for wine; and he, in the gaiety and thoughtlessness of youth, distributed three whole casks among them. The seamen, the captain, his friends, "drank out their wits and reason," and in this state a giddy desire arose to pass by all the King's ships which were before them. The emulating whim was instantly adopted; every arm was strained to the utmost, every eye was intent on this single object, and the ship was flying with all the velocity that unusually-excited strength could give her, in a fine, calm, moonlight night, when, by the heedlessness of the inebriated helmsman, she struck suddenly, and with great violence, on a rock near the shore, then covered with water, but known and visible at low water. The shock burst through two planks on the larboard side of the vessel, and the sea entered fast. The prince got into a little boat, and was escaping, when he heard the voice of his sister, the Lady Marie, shrieking to him to help her; he generously put back to the ship to take her in, but at the same time such numbers leaped into it, that it was upset, or swamped.

"The waves they buffet, till, bereft of strength,
O'erpowered, they yield to cruel fate at length,
The hostile waters close around their head;
They sink for ever, numbered with the dead."

The ship soon disappeared under the waves, with all its crew and passengers—three hundred in number—excepting two persons (a young nobleman and a butcher of Rouen), who held clinging to the top of the mast. The butcher only, however, ultimately escaped to tell the woful disaster to the King, who is said to have been so depressed by the news as to "have never smiled again."

King Henry himself owed his death to his gormandizing propensities. On the 25th of November, 1135, "to drive his grief away, he went abroad to hunt." Having pursued his pastime during the day in the extensive woods of Lions la Forêt, near Rouen, he returned to his palace in the evening "somewhat amended," and being hungry, would needs eat of lampreys,—though his physician, knowing full well his intemperate habits, earnestly persuaded him to the contrary. The fish he ate brought on a fit of indigestion, and the indigestion a fever, which was fatal to him on the 1st of December.

THE OLD BREWERY.

The notion was rife for years, and at the time of the purchase of the Old Brewery at New York, for a Mission School, was extensively talked about, that the premises had not only been the scenes of many horrible crimes, but probably contained vast hidden treasures, if people only knew how to find them. From the Old Brewery and New Mission House, just issued by Stringer & Townsend, it appears that these rumors were not without some signs of truth. We quote the following singular statements, which will recall to memory the Capt. Kyd mysteries of other days:

Soon after the purchase of the property, a man called on the agent to inquire if the lower under-ground cellar was to let. The agent—though perfectly ignorant of the fact that there was such a cellar—replied that he presumed so, and followed the man down into a long, dark, damp cellar without a floor, which had held some of the machinery of the Old Brewery in its days of business. "For what purpose can you use this doleful cellar?" asked the agent. "I am a trader in vegetables," was the reply, "and I wish to hire this cellar to store them in." The agent, thus unexpectedly put into possession of more available room, named his price for a month. The man immediately handed him the sum required, took possession of the key, and departed. He did not appear again during the month, and but for the occasional thought that the vegetable dealer was very quiet, the circumstance passed from the mind of the agent.

On the first day of the following month, he again called, and tendering the key to the agent, said he should want the cellar no longer as he found it too damp for his purpose. There was an undefinable something in the manner of the stranger that excited the curiosity of the agent, and taking the key, he went immediately to the cellar. There were no indications that vegetables had been stored there, but there were evidences of a more mysterious transaction. Two holes were dug in the ground, one sufficiently deep and wide to admit a large chest, and directly over this hole, an iron hook was fastened in the beam, supporting the floor above, and this beam broken, as if some very heavy body had been drawn out of the ground by a tackle. The ground was newly turned; the beam recently broken; and that the vegetable dealer had taken out of the cellar more than he put in, was a conclusion to which the agent speedily arrived.

A few weeks after this, it was deemed necessary that the old, ricketty building should come down.

On the evening of Thanksgiving Day, it was illuminated preparatory to its demolition, and the broad blaze of light shone out cheerily in that dark place. All were willing to see in it a symbol of the coming light of truth, which could penetrate even that gross darkness. For three or four nights, the Old Brewery was thrown open to the public, and thousands came to visit it, ere it was blotted from the face of the earth. Each visitor was furnished at the door with a candle, and by its light, he wandered through the dark passages, and up and down the creaking, old stair-ways—peering into low, damp, mouldering rooms, and passing through breaches made in the blackened walls to afford free passage through the building. It was curious to see the lights flitting to and fro in the darkness, and to mark the expectant look of mingled curiosity and awe on the young faces, many of whom had never before been brought into such close contact with poverty and crime.

The work of demolition was begun, and while the discolored walls, upon which might have been written whole histories of sin, were being taken down, two men were observed to come frequently and stand there with the air of unconcerned spectators.

One night, at one o'clock, a carriage drove up and stopped near the Old Brewery, and shortly after the door of the office in the building, was shaken. The man hired to watch the premises at night opened the door, and was accosted by two well-dressed men:

"Can we see the Old Brewery; we have heard so much about it?"

The watchman said it was rather an untimely hour for a visit. But they told him that they had come from a distance, and were anxious to see it; and he replied:

"You can see what is left of it."

One of the men, apparently familiar with the premises, passed through the office into the yard, when as the light, from a handsome lamp, which he had brought with him, flashed on his face, the watchman recognized him as one of the two men whose frequent visits had been remarked.

"Where about these premises do you live?" asked one of the strangers.

"Up stairs, in the rear of the Old Brewery."

"Will you show me," said he, leading the way up the old stairs. "So, here is where you live. Will you take a glass of brandy?" said he, drawing a flask from his side-pocket.

"No, I thank you," said the watchman; "I am a temperance man."

"Well, but you are out in the cold, and this is a disagreeable business to be thus exposed."

Finding that no entreaty could prevail upon the watchman to drink, and evidently wishing to detain this "Parley Porter," in conversation as long as possible, he offered him a segar, and plied him with questions and inquiries, from which he found it difficult to break away. He offered him ten dollars if he would allow two men to come on the premises unmolested. The watchman refused. Fifty dollars! A hundred was then offered, but the watchman still refused the tempting offer, until he had consulted some of the gentlemen of the Advisory Committee, of whom he was hired. The watchman, rather doubtful of the propriety of his course in thus parleying with the strangers, returned to the yard, followed by his companion, who asked permission to look about him a little. He then measured twelve feet from the corner of the wall, and looking curiously at the place, pulled out a copper bolt. At a certain number of feet another point, he pulled out two copper bolts—then going down into the cellar and measuring four feet from the window, they found two copper nails driven cross-wise into the wall. The measurements completed, apparently to their satisfaction, they told the watchman to keep his own secrets and they would make him as happy a man as any in the Points, and they left him with the permission to return at night.

On communicating these facts to some gentlemen of the Advisory Committee, the watchman was instructed to have a police officer on the spot, as the visit of these men who "loved darkness rather than light," might lead to the recovery of stolen property. The next night, the police officer, wrapped in an old great coat, was snugly ensconced in a dark corner of the office when the strangers entered. His presence was soon detected by their quick eyes, and they remonstrated with the watchman for allowing any one to be there, when they told him they must be alone. One was for putting the man out, but the other said—

"Never mind him; he is only a drunken loafer, not able to heed anything."

And they went to the spot they had previously marked. The police officer came to the back door and watched their movements. They found a soft place in the ground, apparently of some decaying matter, and with a sharp-pointed stick they "speared" the ground here and there till they seemed to discover what they wanted. They found, however, on coming back to the office, that the sleeping man had disappeared, and looking out of the door, they saw him rapidly hastening in the direction of the Tombs for assistance.

"We have been entrapped," said one of the men, "and we must be off at once."

And they immediately disappeared. The counter-plot was not successful. The watchman tried to follow out the clue they had given. He removed a large stone from the wall of the "Den of Thieves," whence they had taken the copper bolt, but he found no casket concealed behind it. He dug in the "soft place," where the strangers had been "spearing," but no gleam of golden treasure rewarded his toil.

Night after night passed, and no tidings of the mysterious strangers. At length the watchman saw five of them in the yard, they having effected their entrance in the rear. Fearing that they might tie him up while they carried away what must be of some worth to involve such trouble and expense—he went to his room for his pistol, the firing of which was the signal agreed upon with the police. He fired, and at once stones and brickbats were hurled at him without mercy, but he could easily shelter himself behind the fragments still standing of the wall of the Old Brewery.

"Kill him! kill him!" they cried out, as he again fired; and filling the air with imprecations they climbed over the rear wall towards Pearl Street, leaving behind them their implements of digging.

No more parleying with the porter after this! The mystery was still unravelled, the nightly visitation still unexplained! The significant marks on the stone in the wall—the bribe offered to the watchman—all suggested visions of jewels and precious things to those made acquainted with what was passing at the dead hour of the night, amidst the crumbling walls of the Old Brewery.

But vice is often on the alert when duty sleeps at her post. How or when we know not, but probably while the watchman slept, the persevering strangers effected their purpose, and carried off the object of their search. Silently and surely they did their work, though they were obliged to remove a large heap of rubbish, which, by order of the contractor for the building, had been placed upon the spot. A hole had been dug near the place indicated by their marks, and nothing was left but the void from which may have been taken treasures of great price.

FILLIBUSTERING:

THE ETHICS OF IT.

Says Capta'n Robb to Farmer Cobb,
"Your farm is very fine, sir;
Please give me up your title deeds,
I claim it all as mine sir."
"Pray how can it be thine?" says Cobb,
"I'm sure I never sold it;
'Twas left me by my father, sir—
I only ought to hold it."

"Nay, Cobb; the 'march of destiny'—
'Tis strange you don't perceive it—
Is sure to make it mine, some day;
I solemnly believe it."
"But have you not already got
More land than you can till, sir?
More rocks than you can ever blast?
More woods than you can kill, sir?"

"Ay, Cobb; but something whispers me—
A sort of inspiration—
That I've a *right* to every farm
Not under cultivation.
I'm of the 'Anglo-Saxon race,'
A people known to fame, sir;
But you,—what right have you to land?
Who ever heard your name, sir?

"I deem you, Cobb, a lazy lout,
Poor, trodden-down, and blind, sir;
And if I take your useless land
You ought to think it kind, sir!
And with my scientific skill,
I set it down as true, sir,
That I can gather from the farm
Full twice as much as you, sir.

"To be explicit: 'Tis an age
Of freedom and progression;
No longer, dog-in-manger like,
Can you retain possession.
The farm long since you forfeited,
Because you failed to till it;
To me it clearly now belongs,
Simply because—*I will it.*

"My logic if you disapprove,
Or fail of comprehending,
Or do not feel convinced that I
Your welfare am intending,
I've plenty more of arguments
To which I can resort, sir—
Six-shooters, rifles, bowie-knives,
Will indicate the sort, sir.

"So, prithee, Cobb, take my advice:
Make over your domain, sir;
Or, sure as I am Captain Robb,
Will I—blow out your brains, sir!"
Poor Cobb can only grind his teeth,
And grumble protestations,
That *might* should be the rule of *right*
Among *enlightened nations.*

—*Pacific, San Francisco.*

COLONEL BOWIE.

The late celebrated Mr. Clay was a man of great resolution and considerable daring. He once told the following anecdote to a friend of ours. Travelling, in early manhood in a public conveyance in a South-Western State, he found himself in the company of three other persons, consisting of a young lady and gentleman, her husband, and of an individual muffled up in a cloak, whose countenance was concealed, and who appeared to be indulging in a *tete-a-tete* with Morpheus. Suddenly a big, brawny Kentuckian got into the coach smoking a cigar, and frowning fiercely around, as much as to say, "I'm half horse, half alligator; the yaller flower of the forest, all brimstone but the head and ears, and that's aquafortis." In fact, he looked as savage as a meat axe, and puffed forth huge volumes of smoke, without reference to the company within, especially of the lady, who manifested certain timid symptoms of annoyance.

Presently, after some whispering, the gentleman with her, in the politest accents requested the stranger not to smoke, as it annoyed his companion. The fellow answered, "I reckon I've paid my place. I'll smoke as much as I darn please, and all creation shan't stop me no how." With that he looked dangerous, and rolled his eyes round as fiercely as a rattlesnake. It was evident that he had no objection to quarrel, and if it occurred, it was likely to lead to a deadly struggle. The young man who had spoken to him shrunk back and was silent. Clay felt his gallantry aroused. He considered for a moment whether he should interfere; but experienced a natural reluctance to draw upon himself the brutal violence of his gigantic adversary. In that lawless country he knew his life might be sacrificed, unavenged. He knew himself physically unequal to the contest, and he thought after all, it was not his business Quixotically to take up another man's quarrel.

Feeling pity for the insulted, and disgust towards the insulter, he determined to take no notice; when—very quietly indeed—the cloaked figure in the corner assumed an upright position, and the mantle was suffered to fall from it without effort or excitement. The small, but muscular frame of a man plainly dressed in a tightly buttoned frock coat, with nothing remarkable about his appearance, was seen, and a pair of bright gray eyes sought the fierce optics of the ferocious Kentuckian. Without a word this "lay-figure" passed his hand under his collar at the back of his neck, and slowly and deliberately pulled forth a long—extremely long—and glittering knife from its sheath in that singular place.

"Stranger," he said, "my name is Colonel James Bowie, well known in Arkansas and Louisiana, and if you don't put that cigar out of the window in a quarter of a minute, I'll put this knife through your bowels as sure as death."

Clay said he never forgot in after life the expression of the Colonel's eyes at that moment. The predominant impression made upon him, was the certainty of the threat being fulfilled, and apparently the same conviction impressed itself ere long on the mind of the offender. During two or three seconds his eye met that of Bowie. He was the weaker, and he quailed. With a curse he tore the cigar from between his teeth, and flung it, scowling, but downcast, out of the coach window. Upon which, Col. James Bowie as deliberately replaced his long knife in its eccentric hiding-place, and, without saying a word to any one else, or even vouchsafing a glance at any one, refolded his cloak around him, and did not utter another syllable to the end of the journey.—*New Quarterly Review, for January.*

NOBLE BOY.—A colporteur in Michigan, relates the following fact of a little boy who had applied to him for Temperance Tracts:

"A relative of his in a grocery had poured out a dram of liquor in a tumbler to drink. The boy stepped forward and put a tract over the mouth of his tumbler. The man took it up, and the first words he cast his eyes upon were, 'No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.' He dashed the glass on the floor, exclaiming, 'That is the last of my drinking liquor, God being my helper.' He kept his resolution."

For the Young.

ICE.

The Riddler.

Agricultural.

The Olio.